

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 351.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

PRICE 1½d.

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

'AND were you near it? Could you see it—touch it—feel it, grandpapa?'

'Nay; I trust not, my dear! But come—you shall have the story. One caution first. Since I have occupied this comfortable chair, as surprising story-teller and frightener-in-ordinary, have I ever enticed your young imaginations beyond the limits of reason, and left them there? Have I exacted a blind belief in fairies? Have I detailed frightful experiences of my own in the matter of conversable spectres—and then fobbed you off with an after-dinner dream? Have I not, on the contrary, been fastidious to a fault—nay, sometimes positively tiresome, in respect of dates, names, and even numbers? Don't you, in short, believe everything I have ever told you?'

'Everything—everything!' was the reply.

'Except—except,' put in one of the party, 'the monster twelve feet high that you met, after dark, walking in a back-street in Brixton—because he was too shy to take exercise in the daytime.'

'Yes, yes—except the giant,' chorused the circle.

'If you don't believe my giant—my own, my only giant—my trust of all,' said grandpapa, sensibly affected, and hitching his chair a little apart, 'there is an end of the matter. Carrie! my snuff-box and the paper.'

'I believe him, grandpapa!' squeaked a small agitated voice: 'it was only Sophy that didn't.'

'No, no, grandpapa—only Sophy!' echoed the fickle multitude, throwing the popular leader over without further ceremony. 'We believe everything you say.'

'Humph! We—e—ell,' said grandpapa, grudgingly accepting the rather liberal concession, and but half-pacified for his malignant monster—'now, mark me. You will have to attend carefully to what I am going to relate. The circumstances are peculiar; and the string of events which form my story, though now nearly forgotten—except by me—attracted at the time an amount of interest rarely centering in any occurrence of domestic life.'

'Now for the ghost!'

'You have already imagined the dwelling in which a mysterious Horror would naturally fix its abode: a huge gray pile, half-abandoned, and a good deal in want of substantial repair—resonant and rotten—buried among old howling trees—chimneys choked with jackdaws—underground passage from the beer-cellar filled up, terminus uncertain—a western chamber nailed up for fifty years, haunted, murderous, with remarkable stains—the whole to be let, with

immediate possession, at five pounds less than nothing, and thanks to the plucky tenant. Do you recognise the picture, Carrie?'

'Yes—yes, beautiful, grandpapa!'

'Dismiss it! Such stereotyped ghost-nurseries have not a brick in common with my mansion. No; the house I am to speak of was, and still is, the central one of a pleasant, cheerful, breezy crescent of forty-five sister-tenements—built upon a noble terrace overlooking park-like pleasure-grounds, shaded with the walnut and horse-chestnut, the poplar and the pine, and within taste of the salt-sweet breath of that blue girdle of dancing waters, over which our French friends propose, one of these days, to skip, in seven minutes and a half, and swallow us up, regulars, militia, and all, even before our riflemen can form.'

'No. 23 Gayland Terrace only differed from the other numbers in being larger and more commodious. Some years before my first remembrance of the place, it had passed into the possession of Mr Archbold, a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Birkenhead, who furnished it in a style of surpassing magnificence, and adopted it as his regular summer resort. The death, however, of a widowed sister, Mrs Annesley, who resided with him—an event which occurred in their second season—gave him a distaste to the spot; and placing the house, with all it contained, in the hands of the nearest agent, the merchant returned to his usual home. Sumptuous fittings and moderate rent insured a constant occupation; and in the seven years that succeeded Mr Archbold's departure, four families in turn inhabited the mansion—two for a season each, one for two, and one for three successive years. All these, especially the latest tenant, Mr Upton, quitted it with evident reluctance; that gentleman even leaving with regret the mansion which had witnessed the illness and death of a beloved daughter.'

'No. 23 was vacant when I first took cognizance of Gayland Terrace, but the notice to let speedily disappeared—the chimneys smoked—the windows opened—flowers blushed in the balcony, while silver voices and laughter betrayed the presence of fairer flowers within. A lady, with five daughters, had taken the house. Their name was Callender. The husband and father was captain and part owner of an East Indiaman, had already realised a handsome independence, and was at this time on his voyage home.'

'A brighter group I never saw. Mother and children had all the same clear, dark complexion, night-black tresses, and brown luminous eyes—gipsy-beauty refined—and what can be lovelier? Pleasant voices, and silver laughter! I hear them still, as I linger

with my hoop beneath their window, waiting impatiently for my chosen lady of the band—Bud May. Now there is a snatch of merry music, as though some one had skipped to the piano, and been presently chased away—a silence, a whisper, and then a shower of rosebuds on my head, foretelling of my saucy May! In truth, they were like a knot of happy children, home for the holidays—mamma the leading playmate. Through some neighbours, I had got to know them, and being of a hide-and-seek, battledoor-and-shuttlecock age, our acquaintance in a few days ripened into intimacy.

Rose, Lily, Violet (they were all named after flowers), Poppy, and May—each of them was charming, after her particular manner. Bud Violet, I think, was the greatest favourite; Bud Rose was the titular belle; Lily and Poppy were darlings; but the real queen of my affections was, as I have hinted, Bud May, who was, besides, the merriest of the band.

‘Ah, me, my children! I must go out of the sunshine, and take you with me, if you will be content with a sad tale, truly told.’

‘What is that on your forehead, my sweet May?’ asked her mamma suddenly, one morning, as my favourite entered, and sat down to breakfast.

‘May passed her hand across her brow, and looked up brightly.’

‘Ah, it’s gone!’ continued her mother, laughing.

‘What was it, mamma? A wasp?’

‘A frown, my love, and such a one as I never saw on any forehead yet, least of all my May’s,’ replied Mrs Callender, with a rather puzzled expression.

‘May, on her part, looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled, but quickly resumed her usual demeanour; and nothing occurred for several days, till, one morning, Nurse Goodes, while attending on her mistress’s toilet, hemmed and spoke: “I beg your pardon, ma’am, but have you noticed Miss May?”’

‘Noticed her? Especially? No. Why do you inquire, nurse?’

‘She grows thin, ma’am, that’s certain; but she eats and drinks, and sleeps and plays as usual. I can’t make out that the dear child is ill—yet, somehow, she’s not herself. For days together she will seem much as usual, then, again, all in a moment’ —

‘Nurse stopped.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘There comes a look upon her that makes me quiver!’ said nurse, with a perceptible tremor. ‘I never see such a thing—I never did!’

‘Good Heavens, nurse!’ exclaimed the startled mother, recalling the frown at breakfast. ‘What can have affected her?’

‘It’s odd,’ replied Nurse Goodes; ‘but she doesn’t seem to know it herself! I wish, ma’am, you would come and look at her sometimes at night. I see the expression more strongly then, and sometimes she speaks a word or two I cannot understand.’

‘Her mistress promised to do so, and kept anxious watch upon her darling the entire day besides; but May was gay as ever, and gave her no opportunity for remark.’

‘I passed that afternoon, which was wet, in the house with my young friends, and we had a game at hide-and-seek, during which May contrived the most ingenious “hide” of the day, being rooted out at last in a great apartment on the ground-floor, in which there was a bed of extraordinary size. Upon this couch, the baffled hunters had sat down more than once in consultation, not dreaming that the crafty little maid had removed the bolster, and, substituting for it her own slight person, concealed herself to perfection with the pillows and coverlid.’

‘All the luxurious appointments of this richly furnished room—known as the Angel-chamber—but more particularly the bed, were objects of considerable

admiration. The bed was of foreign manufacture, made unusually low, carved, gilt, and inlaid at the foot with malachite. The canopy was crowned by an angelic figure, exquisitely moulded, from whose arms, extended in an attitude of protection, and from whose half-opened golden wings, descended the rich hangings of azure silk, which completed the drapery of a couch worthy of a queen.

‘When that merry day was over, and the tired children had gone to rest, Mrs Callender stole quietly up to May’s little chamber, and found Nurse Goodes standing by the bed. Nurse put her fingers to her lips, and looked mournfully at the little sleeper. Her mistress’s eyes followed hers. There was the same strange frown she had once already seen. Now, too, the lips were drawn back, the teeth set, the innocent face wholly changed, and wearing an expression of mingled horror and disgust inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs Callender scarcely recognised the child.’

‘Presently she murmured some indistinct sounds. Mamma put down her ear.

‘They are rushing at me—rushing, rushing again! Angel, O angel!’ gasped May.

‘My child!—my May!—what is it? Wake!’ cried the terrified mother, clasping her.

‘May woke, and the expression passed as though a mask had fallen. She sat up, smiling, perfectly composed, and, kissing her mother, asked what was the matter.

‘I—I thought you were sleeping uneasily, my love,’ said mamma, half-fearing to see the look return. ‘Was it a dream?’

‘Ah, I remember,’ said May lightly. ‘Some creatures came flying at me all round, breaking, like black waves, against the bed; but the angel stops them always.’

‘Missy slept two nights in the Angel-room, soon after we came,’ explained nurse, ‘and had the same dream there.’

‘But I don’t mind it,’ said May. ‘It—it’s that other’—

‘The strange look seemed about to steal over her face again, but she covered it with her hands.

‘Mrs Callender sat down beside the bed, and motioned nurse away; she was bent on finding out the mystery.

‘What other, May? My little girl, you have some trouble or fear. Confide in mamma. What is it?’

‘May was silent for a moment, holding her mother’s hand, and mechanically counting the white fingers. Then she said:

‘Mamma, I cannot tell. Something is wrong with me—that I know; but, indeed, indeed I cannot describe it. It is a sensation so quick, so sudden, that, almost before I can feel how horrible it is, it is gone! It is neither taste, touch, nor smell, yet is something of all three. I should not mind it so much, however, but for a sort of shock or spasm of sickening horror that comes with it. It is as though—as though some wicked thing had touched me,’ added the little girl, in a low voice, clasping more tightly the hand she held.

‘Mrs Callender’s heart beat faster; but she was a firm and sensible woman, and addressed herself with such quiet energy to the task of soothing the poor child—more unnerved, apparently, by the confession of her fear, than she had been by its concealment—that she very soon attained her object; and having watched her darling into a tranquil sleep, withdrew to confer with nurse, whom she found in the adjoining apartment, weeping bitterly.

‘O ma’am, ma’am!—O my dear lady!’ sobbed Nurse Goodes. ‘Take her away—take the darling away!’

‘Away, nurse?’

‘Away from this dreadful house. It is not for a Christian creature to live in. Charlotte says so.’

"Charlotte?"

"Old Charlotte, the charwoman; she that was here, off and on, in Mr Archbold's time. She knows that Mr Archbold's sister was warned in the same way. Her brother laughed at it, and so did she, for she was a high-couraged lady, Mrs Annesley—but she was touched six times, and took."

"Touched and taken! Are you mad, you silly thing?" exclaimed her lady. "For mercy's sake, nurse, for my child's sake, beware how you give utterance to any such folly! As for old Charlotte, I shall talk to her myself to-morrow."

"The next day, a medical gentleman, their neighbour—in consequence of a private missive from Mrs Callender—made a purely accidental visit; and pretty May, who happened to be alone with her mother, was subjected to some professional questionings. Mr Mawry was forced to admit that she looked worn and thin, but was utterly unable to detect any symptom of disease; consequently, as nothing is avowedly the most approved remedy for nothing, he sent it to her in the form of some prettily coloured medicaments, that might have been swallowed with impunity by a delicate bee.

"But, in spite of the absence of medicine, in spite of care and vigilance, in spite of soft spring winds and strengthening food, Bud May began to droop and fade. So no more hoop, and hide-and-seek, and rustic rambles, for my little queen. From the strong seabeach to the terrace-walks, from these to the sofa, from the sofa to her own little chamber, poor May fought the battle of her fragile life, till the most sanguine of the surrounding hearts durst hope no longer. Change of air and scene had been suggested; but the doctors—another had been called in—at once declared that nothing could be so well adapted to her seeming condition as the clear soft climate in which she already breathed. As for change of scene, the little patient herself so earnestly, almost passionately entreated that she might not be moved elsewhere, that the idea was instantly abandoned.

"One other request the little maid preferred, that she might be placed henceforth in the Angel-chamber, until—until— It was done; and now, as though she had nothing more to ask or wish for, Bud May sank quickly and silently away.

"I have not told you what, all this time, I felt and did. I knew that my little princess was dying—going to God—yet I dared not dwell much upon the loss to myself: selfish regrets were out of place, could have no part or lot in such a matter. Still, I was not forbidden to sorrow with and for the rest; and many a day have I sat waiting patiently for the hour that sometimes saw me admitted for a moment to the Angel-chamber, to kneel beside the golden bed, and kiss the little waxen hand that faintly welcomed me.

"May loved soft music; and we soon found that her greatest solace was to be left entirely alone, to gaze up at the shining countenance of the majestic angel, and to listen to the low sound of some sacred melody chanted by Violet from a distant room.

"One evening—it was the 10th of April—the fact of our invalid's having been somewhat better in the morning had emboldened me to bring with me a beautiful kitten, of which she had once expressed her admiration. May was delighted, fondled it heartily, thanked me with the only kiss she had ever bestowed, and bade me leave the soft purring thing with her for awhile, and return for it before I left the house.

"I cannot tell what feeling possessed me, but, like May herself, I longed for solitude, and, instead of proceeding to the music-room, stole into an intervening apartment, and presently began to weep.

"A soft hand touched me; it was Mrs Callender, whom I had not noticed sitting in the darkening room, and who, moved by my grief, came and sat beside me, whispering broken words of consolation.

"The house was hushed in the deepest silence, broken only by a soft voice—Violet's—breathing rather than singing some verses of the trustful psalm:

Thou dost my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to Thy endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In Thy most righteous ways.
I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free,
For there—

The voice of the weeping singer broke. In the pause, there was, or seemed to be, a faint call from the sick-chamber. Other ears had fancied it too, for Violet and the rest were already in the passage, and in another moment all had assembled in the Angel-chamber.

"There they lay, both asleep, the kitten and the little maid; but my little maid shall never wake again till the resurrection."

Grandpapa was silent for a few moments, then resumed in his accustomed tone:

"After a very brief interval, No. 23 found another occupant in the person of Colonel Robert Doulton, a stern warrior of the Wellington school, who had served in the Indian wars, and now, at the express suggestion of a London physician, brought down his invalid wife, to derive what benefit she might from the cheerful scenery and salubrious breezes of a notoriously healthy neighbourhood.

"Mrs Doulton—if the pale phantom that had travelled in a couch-carriage, and been borne up to the chief bedroom in the arms of one strong maid, deserved the name of a living being—was the object upon which her lord—a man of iron, resolved, unmaliceable, self-indulgent—lavished all his love and care. Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which he watched the fluctuations of her disorder, and assembled round her every imaginable object calculated to distract the pains, or tranquillise the mind of his beloved patient. The physician, Dr T—, came down once a week, to resolve himself that his prescriptions were accurately followed, to dine sumptuously with the colonel, and to receive the fifty-pound note which so poorly recompensed his lost afternoon! while little Mr Mawry, the apothecary, received orders to look in at least once in the course of every day.

"In spite of these arrangements, the generally received opinion that Mrs Doulton would never quit that splendid chamber alive, grew and strengthened.

"Old Charlotte, the charwoman, who had no more business in that house than I—less, indeed, for had I not buried my heart there, while she had only secreted her patters?—she, I say, contrived to re-connect herself with the establishment, and, upon those patters, walked quietly back into its service.

"Charlotte asserted—and they believed her—that, no matter what the number of regular servants in a house, there was always room for a charwoman. The reports she brought, in her clinkings to and fro, were gloomy in the extreme. Mrs Doulton seldom quitted her bed—never her apartment. As for the colonel, he spent the greater part of the morning at his wife's bedside, reading to or conversing with her; then he rode or walked out for an hour, and returning, passed the hours till dinner in the Angel-room, which he chose to make his study, engaged in the preparation of a work relating to his campaigns in India. The physician was his sole London visitor; and of the neighbours, the good rector, who received a cordial welcome, and Mr Mawry, alone had access to the drawing-room of No. 23.

"Thus passed about two months, when, on a certain morn of August, the dark prognostications of old Charlotte and party were signally confounded by the appearance of Mrs Doulton upon the gravelled terraces in a Bath chair. She was decidedly better. Close beside her stalked her tall dark husband, rubbing his

hands, and eyeing his well-nursed partner with fond complacency, as he saw that face, which must have been a sweet and pleasant one in other days, brighten with gratitude and pleasure under the influence of the soft free air, and the sense of returning vigour.

'They took many turns together, and went home at last with manifest reluctance; the invalid, as if vain of her renovated strength, disdaining the ready hand that offered to reconduct her across the threshold.

'A day or two later, Mr Mawry, who had already, as he confessed to his wife, experienced some slight twinges of conscience on the score of receiving a daily fee for his needless visits, was stopped by the colonel as he crossed the hall, and invited to remain and partake of the dinner at that moment about to be served.

'Mawry was fond of a good dinner. He sniffed, and accepted.

'The repast, though, to all appearance, a visitor had not been expected, was of the most costly description, slightly eastern in character, varied in feature, perfect in detail. Host and guest agreed in postponing mere intellectual pleasure to the great business of the hour; and it was only when, the banquet finished, they drew chairs to the window, and began sipping their claret, that the colonel put forth his powers of conversation. Even then Mr Mawry fancied that he glanced from subject to subject rather too abruptly, and was revolving in his secret soul whether his host was endeavouring to astonish him with his stores of knowledge, or whether his mind was in truth preoccupied with some deep matter, the remembrance of which he sought to drown in desultory talk, when the colonel suddenly rose, and, going to a bookcase, took down a large and a small volume, and handed the latter to his visitor. Mawry saw that it was in some oriental character, in paragraphs, numbered and lettered. The colonel then changed volumes, and shewing Mawry that he now held an English translation, requested him to name any paragraph throughout the work, which he, the colonel, holding the original, would render into literal English.

'Mawry did as he was desired, naming in succession four or five passages of considerable length, all of which his host read off in English with perfect ease and correctness. He then laid the books aside.

'Now, sir, feel my pulse," were his next words.

'Mawry obeyed. It was not a full beat, but regular, and moderately fast.

'Am I in health, think you? Chest and lungs all right?"

'Do you wish me to examine with the stethoscope? I have it with me."

'The other assented, and Mr Mawry, through the medium of that plain speaker, ascertained that all was sound.

'And I am not mad?"

'The doctor stared.

'I have conversed collectedly upon many different topics, and have translated with literal accuracy several passages from the most involved and difficult of eastern writers. Are these proofs sufficient?"

'Mawry bowed an affirmative.

'Now, doctor, I am going to ask you a curious question. Remember, I do not speak in figures. Simply and plainly—can a man *taste death*?"

'Mawry could not forbear a start.

'I will explain further," said the colonel. "Once in three or four days—sometimes more frequently—I experience a sensation so difficult to describe, that I was driven to the adoption of the simile that caused your surprise. It is like—like a poisoned cloth flung suddenly over my whole face. Eyes, nose, mouth, are impregnated with its horrible presence. I shudder, from head to foot, with an indescribable mixture of loathing and rage. In a second, it is gone—I am as well as ever. Have you, in your experience, met with such a case? I am not given to idle fancies. When I tell you, doctor, that I have been present in eleven

battles, have passed nights among dead and dying creatures, witnessed every phase of the terrible side of war, you may believe that my nerves are not easily shaken. But I will own that the circumstance I have alluded to, in its singular recurrence, gives me considerable uneasiness; and fearing that, should the horror seize me in my wife's presence, the change of countenance I cannot control might occasion her grave alarm, I resolved to take your opinion on the subject. Let me have it."

'Mawry pondered deeply for a moment. He was struck with the coincidence of the symptoms described with those which had afflicted May Callender. Some whisper of the supernatural agency to which they were attributed had reached him in one or other of his frequent visits, but his mind was devoid of the slightest taint of superstition, and his thoughts now set strongly in quite another direction.

"Can you recall," he presently asked, "the first occasion on which this sensation occurred?"

"Let me see. No. Stay—yes. I had been chatting with my wife, had partaken of her afternoon-tea, and was returning to my study."

"It happens most frequently after meals?"

"No, I think *not*," said Doulton, reflecting.

"You take refreshment sometimes during the day; you Indian gentlemen must have your tiffin, and perhaps, in the intervals, a glass of pale ale or soda-water."

"Possibly," said the colonel, whose attention was languishing. "I believe I do."

"Brought to you by the butler, eh? What claret this is! Tredway, then, is always your cupbearer—eh, colonel?"

"I suppose so—I forget. Really, I can hardly tell you. Sometimes Tredway, sometimes Mahmoud, sometimes, eh—ah!" The colonel yawned.

"Sometimes?"

"Old Charlotte, I think they call her. An old woman who favours me with her presence here, for the sake, apparently, of helping eight idle servants to do nothing. But why these domestic queries? and especially what has that old baggage to do with the matter?"

"Hm!" said Mawry, rather gravely, "I don't know. When did this happen the *second* time?"

"I had been writing for a couple of hours, when, feeling weary, and missing perhaps my siesta, I threw myself on the bed—there is one in the room—and fell asleep. In about an hour, as I afterwards found, I started up in a state—I frankly avow it—of horrible alarm, as though I had been set upon by a band of fiends! Then came that choking horror—then, thank God! release, for I do not think a human mind, however strong, could sustain so much as a minute of that anguish, and keep its balance."

"It is curious," said Mawry. "I confess, colonel, I do not comprehend your case. So far as my skill instructs me, you are sound in body, and unquestionably sane in mind. Still there are fancies. Firm and self-possessed as you seem, it is yet quite possible that the solution may be found in some disarrangement of the nervous system. You have perhaps overtaken your brain—a little less work, and more exercise."

"I see, sir, I see!" exclaimed the colonel, rising, with some heat; "you take me for an illusionist, a— Ha! by Heaven, it is *coming now*!"

'Mawry looked steadily at him. The colonel was not acting. The dark-lined countenance grew deadly pale, the eyes glowed, the teeth chattered and gnashed. In spite of himself, the doctor was awe-stricken at an appearance that powerfully recalled the fearful traditions of *possession*.

'The attack, whatever its nature, was but momentary. With a long deep inspiration, like one over whom a stifling wave has passed, the colonel seemed to recover himself completely, and, with a light laugh, held out his hand.

'Mawry took the hint, and his leave.

"I will send you a pleasant draught," he said; "or rather, I will instruct your butler to make it. And you will oblige me, colonel, by receiving nothing of a liquid kind *from any hand but his*. This is important: I will give you my reasons hereafter. Take your wine as usual. Good-night!"

'Colonel Doulton neglected one portion of his friend's advice—he took even less than his accustomed exercise, and was so rarely seen abroad, that old Charlotte underwent some severe cross-examinations. Her report now was, that the mistress grew stronger and stronger, but refused to take the air; that the colonel was becoming seriously ill—could scarcely bear the fatigue of walking upstairs—and confined himself almost wholly to his study, dividing the day between his writing-table and the bed. The doctor, somewhat affronted at his patient's systematic disregard of his counsels, had discontinued his visits, and had not hitherto been invited to renew them.

'Thus affairs remained for several weeks, till one morning the reverend rector was sent for to the house. His visit was a prolonged one. He came out grave and pale, and charged with a melancholy tale, of which he made no secret. The colonel had been stricken with some mysterious visitation beyond the reach of human skill, and, with a rooted presentiment of his approaching end, was pressing the work on which he had been so long engaged to a conclusion. He seemed to be awaiting, although with the courage of a Christian and a soldier, an inevitable fate.

'Nor was he deceived. One bleak, gray morning in December, the windows of No. 23 remained closed. Colonel Doulton was dead!'

THE MARCH OF THE GLACIER.

THERE are few spectacles in nature so calculated to inspire awe and provoke curiosity as those 'motionless torrents, silent cataracts' which form the glaciers of the Alps. At first sight, one can almost sympathise with the stolid English tourist, who, after gazing on one of them for some time in silence, declared that it was 'obtrusive and unmeaning.' There is something unspeakably strange and perplexing in the presence of a vast mass of ice, to all appearance fixed, immutable, under a burning sun, and in close contact with verdure and fertility. The dazzling pallor, the desolation, the silence of the 'dead sea' of ice, contrast forcibly with the green and golden vegetation of the valley, with the ripe corn-fields, the spreading foliage, and the

Flowers of loveliest blue
That skirt the eternal frost.

It is death in the midst of life, the skeleton at the banquet of nature.

Standing by the brink or on the surface of the hard rigid mass, the assertion that it moves is startling, and almost incredible; indeed, a certain professor of Tubingen went home after a visit to Switzerland, and wrote a book flatly denying the possibility of glacier-motion. Observation and reflection, however, quickly remove our doubts. We have only to keep our eye on one of the blocks of stone upon the ice, in a line with two fixed points—a tree or ledge of rock—at opposite sides of the glacier, to be assured that the stone changes its position, and is borne downwards with the ice. The glacier, too, tells its story in unmistakable language. It inscribes the record of its journey on the hardest rocks, and carries on its breast, or at its base, fragments of distant mountains, which, like the scallop in the palmer's hat, tell of its wanderings. In fact, the very existence of the glacier depends on its motion. Unless the ice below the snow-line, which, during every summer, is melted by the sun, were replaced, the lower part of the glacier would in a few years disappear. While,

however, the ice at the base is gradually being reduced to water, fresh snow is falling on the summit of the mountain, and displacing previous deposits, which descending, are converted into ice, and added to the glacier. According to Renolu, the accumulation of the mountain snows adds each year 58 inches of ice to a glacier. This would make Mont Blanc 400 feet higher in a century, and 4000 feet higher in a thousand years. Dissolution and compensation are thus constantly going forward, and the downward motion of the mass prevents any diminution from being observed. Rigid and inflexible, therefore, as the glacier seems, it is in reality a restless body, subject to constant motion and perpetual change, ever hastening from its birthplace in the mountain-bosom above to its grave in the pasture-ground below. It is something more than mere metaphor to call a glacier a *mer de glace*. The resemblance extends beyond the mere wave-like appearance of the surface. The deeps and shallows, widenings and narrowings, rapids and sluggish parts, the quicker flow of the centre than of the sides, the depression which occurs when the current sweeps round a buttress, the junction of branches and tributaries—all are to be found in the glacier as in the river.

The general fact that the glaciers move, has been known for a long period to the inhabitants of the mountains; but it is only of late years that attempts have been made to estimate the rate at which they travel. Hugi found that, from 1827 to 1830, his cabin upon the glacier of the Aar had moved about 110 yards downwards; while, in 1841, it had attained a distance of some 1570 yards from its original position. Observations on the same point have subsequently been made by M. Agassiz, Professor J. D. Forbes, Professor Tyndall, and others, and some confusion has arisen from the different results obtained. The truth is, that the movement of a glacier is influenced by the slope on which it rests, and by the obstructions which occupy its path; and hence a separate measurement is required for each case. It has, however, been proved, not only that the centre of the glacier moves more swiftly than its sides, but that the point of swiftest motion follows the same law as that observed in the flow of rivers, shifting from one side of the centre to the other, as the direction of the valley changes. 'The positions of towns along the banks of a navigable river,' writes Professor Tyndall, 'are mainly determined by this circumstance. They are, in most cases, situated on the convex sides of the bends, where the rush of water prevents silting up. Can it be, then, that the ice exhibits a similar deportment? that the same principle which regulates the distribution of people along the banks of the Thames is also acting with silent energy amid the glaciers of the Alps?'

The fact of the motion having been ascertained, a stirring controversy, not yet at rest, arose as to the physical quality of the ice in virtue of which a glacier moves like a river. First, there was the theory of De Saussure, the great Alpine traveller, that glaciers moved as rigid bodies, sliding over the inclined beds on which they rested, and to which they were frozen by the cold of winter, and relieved by the thaws of spring and summer. Another theory, started by Charpentier, and supported by Agassiz, was, that the more exposed parts of the glacier melting gradually, filled the capillary fissures of the ice with water, the expansion of which, as it became frozen, furnished the force which pushed the glacier downward. The first of these theories was insufficient, and the second was contradicted by actual observations on the ice.

To the laborious researches and philosophic mind of Professor J. D. Forbes of Edinburgh, do we owe the most satisfactory theory of glacier motion. Professor Forbes having had his attention drawn to the subject by Agassiz in 1841, devoted himself to it with an enthusiasm and perseverance which at least deserved success. Year after year, he repaired to Switzerland,

took up his quarters on the ice, explored the glaciers in all directions, and, as the result of his observations, propounded what is known as the Viscous Theory (from *viscus*, glue). 'A glacier,' he says, 'is an imperfect fluid or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts. . . . Imagine a long narrow trough or canal, stopped at both ends, and filled to a considerable depth with treacle, honey, tar, or any such viscid fluid. Imagine one end of the trough to give way, the bottom still remaining horizontal: if the friction of the fluid against the bottom be greater than the friction against its own particles, the upper strata will roll over the lower ones, and protrude in a convex slope, which will be propagated backwards towards the other or closed end of the trough. Had the matter been quite fluid, the whole would have run out, and spread itself on a level: as it is, it assumes precisely the conditions which we suppose to exist in a glacier.'

The use of the term 'viscous' has caused much discussion. The assertion that glacier-ice possesses viscosity, or the power of being drawn out when subjected to a force of tension, has been stoutly combated by Professor Tyndall and others, who insist that the ice is not viscous, but plastic. 'Broadly observed,' writes Professor Tyndall, 'two classes of facts are presented to the glacier-observer—the one suggestive of viscosity, and the other of the reverse. The former are seen where *pressure* comes into play, the latter where *tension* is operative. By pressure, ice can be moulded to any shape, while the same ice snaps sharply asunder if subjected to tension. Were the result worth the labour, ice might be moulded into vases, statuettes, bent into spiral bars, and, I doubt not, by the proper application of pressure, a rope of ice might be formed and coiled into a knot. But not one of these experiments would in the least demonstrate that ice is really a viscous body.' Professor Tyndall points out, that, when subjected to a strain, the glacier does not yield by stretching, but by breaking. When the particles of the ice are kept in close contact, they become reunited by the freezing of the film of moisture between them; but when they are too far asunder, crevasses are formed. The continuity of the mass, therefore, he maintains, is due, not to the viscosity of the ice, but to 'the regelation of the new contiguous surfaces.'

After all, the dispute is very much a war of words. It is well known that a substance confessedly viscous may be broken by a sudden shock or strain. A piece of sealing-wax, as Professor Forbes observes, will, in the course of time, at moderate temperatures, mould itself to the most delicate inequalities of the surface on which it rests, but may at the same time be shattered to atoms by the blow of a hammer. In the same way, even tar may be crevassed when of a certain consistency. The regelation which Professor Tyndall makes such a noise about, is very much a matter of imagination. That ice possesses that power, is beyond dispute; but we have no positive proof that it is called into play in the movement of a glacier, any more than that a similar operation is not performed in the case of tar, honey, treacle, and other viscous substances.

A CASE FOR PHONETICS.

I AM not an advocate for phonetic spelling in general, because I'm accustomed to the other way, and should find it far more difficult to learn a new system of orthography, than to follow the old, grievous to master as it has been found by military and naval officers, millionaires, mathematicians, domestic servants, and policemen. But I think there is one case in which the system might be adopted with advantage; and that is the case of surnames. The agony which some men suffer from the mispronunciation of their surnames must, if any confidence is to be placed

in the expression of the human countenance, be almost intolerable; and yet the fault is generally upon the side of the sufferers: they spell their names grotesquely, and then take offence if unfortunate people, at the risk of their jaws, make heroic efforts to give them the benefit of every letter and syllable.

There is a great deal in a name, notwithstanding what Shakespeare puts into somebody's mouth; and there are many people who wouldn't appreciate a single play which the great poet ever wrote, if it did not bear *his* name. The days are past when to mispronounce a man's name might bring you to an untimely end, but you may still by the same means render him an enemy for life. There are some people who can forgive anything except a tampering with their name—it is all they have to be proud of, and they are therefore mighty jealous of it. It is all very well for those whose names are monosyllabic colours, to laugh at the idea; but let me tell them that not even monosyllabic colours are without their inconvenience. They are easy enough of pronunciation, it is true; but I have known great complications (as diplomatists say) to arise because a gentleman could not restrain unseemly mirth at the sight of Black playing billiards with White. And I have seen Brown look anything but comfortable when introduced to Green; and when Green has been asked if his name were not Gray, I have heard him say 'No' very curtly; and when his interrogator funnily rejoined: 'Ah! Green is it? I knew it was a colour,' I have observed him quite purple with passion. However, no spelling could prevent these *contre-temps*; and it is the tyranny of spelling against which I am anxious to protest. I say, if a man wants to be called Abercrombie, why should he spell his name Abercrombie? I know you say *company*, not *company*, but you say combination, not *cumbination*; and besides, *company* (with a little *c*) isn't anybody's name, and you don't offend anybody's feelings; for John Company has lately been abolished, and his residence in Leadenhall Street given up to others. Then Albany and St Albans are always getting me into trouble. Why not spell your name St *Al/bans*, if that's the way you like it pronounced? And as for Albany, I give it up altogether, and when I meet anybody of that name, pronounce it simply according to the state of my tongue and palate at the particular moment; for you will observe that in saying *Al/bany*, you put your tongue nearer your swallow than when you enunciate *Al/bany*. It matters little, in my estimation, whether it be the name of a place or a person—it ought equally to be spelled on phonetic principles. I very nearly lost the last omnibus from Chelsea, by a pronunciation contrary to the conductor's theory. I asked him 'if he passed the bottom of *Al/bany* Street' (for that was at the time the pronunciation which the state of my tongue and palate demanded); he answered gruffly: 'No, he didn't.' But he was evidently a good-natured man at heart, and added that 'he passed the bottom of *Al/bany* Street, if that would do.' I told him it would do exactly, and I put it to him as a scholar and a gentleman whether, though he said 'York and *Al/bany*,' and '*Al/bany* Street,' he didn't always talk of the 'Bachelor of the *Al/bany*.' But he cut me very short by remarking that 'he was no scholar,' and he 'didn't talk o' people behind their backs;' and that 'if he'd know'd I wanted to insult of him, he wouldn't 'a took me into the 'bus.'

Whereupon, I fell to meditating; and very hard it seemed to me upon foreigners that they should be expected to know that Bromwich is pronounced Brummidge; and equally hard upon natives, that though they must talk of Bishop Berkeley, they must speak of the Hon. Mr Berkely as Barclay. Moreover, there's *Couper*. I mean to say that to expect a man to call this *Cooper* is an abominable exaction, and reflects upon his pronunciation of

monosyllables: it reflects upon the education which his parents gave him, and it reflects upon his own common sense. I don't mind pronouncing Couper and Cooper in the same way, but *Couper* is quite a different thing. I'll not pronounce *that* Cooper, unless I am well paid for it. Then, as to Derby: is it the Earl of Derby or Derby? and what is the proper pronunciation of the shire where people have excrescences on their throats? And why should Mrs Dymock have described me as a very rude young man, because in my ignorance I spoke of Die-mock instead of Dimmock? As for Evans, I give it up altogether. I asked a man the other day if his name were not Ev'ans, as I saw it spelled distinctly in black and white E-v-a-n-s, and he said: 'Yes, sir, *Ev'ins*.' I asked him to be kind enough to write it, and he did—E-v-a-n-s. I was at once seized with a slight attack of mental syncope, and have been since unable to get any better explanation than that there are people who can't help calling Evans, Ivins. All I can say is, if a man doesn't know his own name, how can he expect others to know it? Isn't it a little too bad, too, that you should have five friends—Falconer, Falkner, Falkner, Faukener, and Fawkenner—and that they should all pronounce their names in the same way? And the worst of it is, that when you have been drilled by them, you meet other people, in no way related, who spell their names the same way, and *don't* pronounce them the same way. Gore and Gower; Goff, Goffe, and Gough; Gould and Gould; and half a hundred others, are the plague of one's life. If you see them written, you don't pronounce them rightly; and if you hear them spoken, you don't write them correctly. The same may be said of Harvey and Hervey. And how many people pronounce Ingestre properly? They are afraid, because of their sad experience, to venture on the simple way, and consequently make all sorts of odd blunders: Ingster is a very favourite rendering. Then there are Jervis, and Jervys, and Jarvis; and Jennings, and Jennynge, and Jenyns; and Jollif and Jolliffe: and yet if you talk about Je-nyns or Jo-liff, you'll get into difficulties. Why shouldn't Kilmorey be written Kilmurray? And where is the difference between Kynaston and Kynnaston? There are both Laing and Laeg, but, phonetically, they are the same, unless you be seized with a fit of affectation, and divide the former La-ing; and then nine people out of ten won't know what you mean. Marjoribanks is a simple imposition: it ought to be made Marchbanks by act of parliament. And if Meux is to be called Meuse, why have an *x* in the English language? And as for Neufville, Nevil, Neville, Nevill, and Neville, why on earth can't they come to some arrangement, and save us a world of trouble? Ochterlony and Oughterlony are two more nuisances. And now I have come to the Ps, I am minded of the name Piffard. Now, would any rational being expect the accent to be upon the last syllable of that word? You say Giffard, not Giffa'rd: why not Piffard, and not Piffa'rd? Yet I have authority for saying, that the latter is the pronunciation affected by the holders of it. Quantock is a name that I am sure I should mispronounce; and I should never have dreamed of pronouncing Rolland, Roland, if I hadn't heard other people do so. There appears no more reason to me for calling St John, *Sinjun*, than St George, *Singing*; but people do it. Sinclair has asserted itself; why shouldn't *Sinjen*? But the most unconscious thing I ever did I reckon to be the calling of a man whose name is spelled Stiffe, Stife: I offered Stiffy, but he rejected that with scorn; and insisted upon it that I should do violence to my feelings of right and wrong by always calling him Stife. What pleasure it can be to him, I can't think; but he was certainly proud of it. He ought, I think, to have the pronunciation printed upon his card together with the address; and so ought

Theobald, and Thuillier, and Tollemache (whom I have heard called Tollem'aché, as if it were a Greek feminine noun), and Torsappie, and some others. Urquhart might as well be written Urkurt; and Vanburgh would be better for an explanatory note. Vaughan has no reason to grumble if he's called Vaugan; and Vaux ought to put up with Vauks. Wemyss has only himself to blame if he is addressed as We-miss. Yonge mustn't expect to be taken for Young; and Zachery mustn't be angry with folks who decline to pronounce him as though he were Zachary.

QUEEN VICTORIA v. PRINCE OF WALES.

WE have narrowly escaped a singular lawsuit, or rather equity suit. We have been just on the edge of a contest in which Her Most Gracious Majesty would have been plaintiff, and her eldest son defendant; and in which the lawyers would have fought, as lawyers are wont to fight, quite as determinedly as if the parties to the suit had not been royal and had not been related.

The county of Cornwall is governed in a remarkable manner. More than five centuries ago, the county was created into a duchy, in favour of Edward the Black Prince, and settled by act of parliament on the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. A large income was attached to this grant, in the forms of lordship rents of certain castles and manors, and royalties or dues on the mining and coinage of tin. Various changes have been made from time to time; but the sovereign's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has still his chancellor, attorney-general, solicitor-general, and his court of exchequer. Thus, at the present time, Sir George Grey, one of the cabinet ministers, is chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall. The duke also appoints the sheriffs. The tinners or tin-miners had a charter granted to them by Edward I, with a stannary court for the adjudication of certain kinds of causes or suits; and one of the provisions of this charter bore relation to the payment of certain dues to the duke, on all the ore raised within Cornwall and a certain portion of Devonshire. The tinners have still their stannary courts, presided over by a lord-warden and vice-warden. There are four stannary districts, in each of which, disputes relating to mining matters are settled with little or no reference to the supremacy of Westminster Hall. An appeal lies from the vice-warden's court to the lord-warden's, and from the latter to the duke in council. There are twenty-four stannators or jurymen, usually gentlemen of property in the mining districts. They are not jurymen, in the common acceptance of the term in the law-courts; they are rather legislators, who hold a stannary parliament with the duke and his officers. This machinery is, however, now almost obsolete; for the stannary laws have gradually become well defined; and local legislation, though not local judicature, has nearly ceased. The stannary courts are in full operation, however, as we may see any day in the Cornish newspapers, where notices are given of legal matters belonging to the lord-warden's or vice-warden's courts. The last-named courts are held once a month, and take cognizance of all matters relating to the tin-mines and trade. The Duke of Cornwall obtains certain rents or royalties from various parts of the county; and he is also owner of the peculiar strip of muddy or shingly *foreshore* which lies between high and low water on the coasts of Cornwall, as well as of the beds of the various rivers. It was shewn in a recent article,* that the sovereign of England possesses a right of this kind throughout the greater part of her realm, and that the crown has recently

* 'Who Owns the Thames?' *Chambers's Journal*, No. 335.

defeated nearly all the attempts made by corporate bodies and landowners to dispute this right. An imitative or petty sovereignty of like kind is one of the peculiarities connected with Cornwall and its duchy.

Now it happens that some of the tin and copper mines have been worked out seawards, not only beneath the muddy foreshore between high and low water marks, but actually beneath the rolling sea itself. The Botallack Mine, for instance, is situated at the extreme west of the county, near the Land's End; the workings are close to the edge of a cliff, and, after descending far below the level of the sea, branch out to a distance of five hundred feet or more beyond low-water mark. The steam-engine to work this mine had to be lowered, in pieces, two hundred feet down the face of a precipitous cliff; and the miners proceed from their homes to their work along paths which would make inexperienced persons giddy. In some of the galleries or passages of the mine, there is barely a thickness of twenty feet of earth or stone between the workings and the bed of the sea above; and sometimes the roar and rolling of the sea, with the dashing of great stones by the flux and reflux of the tide, produce a noise so truly frightful that even the sturdy miners cannot bear it. A rich vein is now and then seen to trend upwards; and a contest arises between prudence, on the one hand, and love of gain on the other, in deciding whether to 'let well alone,' or to follow the vein with pick and shovel. In another district, the Huel Mine was worked so far under the sea, and a rich vein pursued so eagerly, that the miners reduced the thickness between them and the sea overhead to a mere crust; and they were obliged to abandon that part of the mine altogether, through fear of disastrous consequences. For a mine to pass under a river is a very common circumstance. A singular catastrophe occurred in 1833 at the river Garnock, in Scotland. The river broke through the thin layer of earth which had been left between it and a coal-mine beneath; and many of the miners narrowly escaped drowning. Day after day, the water poured in, at and near the hour of high tide, until several miles of workings were completely filled. The pressure in the pits became so great, from the immense weight of water impelled into them, that the confined air, which had been forced back into the high workings, burst up through the earth in a thousand places; many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a caldron; and large bodies of sand and water were thrown up for hours together. It was a sad affair in a pecuniary point of view: the owners had to abandon the greater portion of the workings, and six hundred persons were thrown out of employment.

But by far the most remarkable instance recorded of mining under the sea, was that of Wherry Mine, in which the workings were actually commenced in the sea itself. In a part of the sea about a mile from Penzance, small veins of tin were observed to traverse a rocky shoal which was exposed to view at low-water. In 1778, Thomas Curtis, a clever and enterprising miner, resolved to make an attempt at mining in this extraordinary place; he had only ten pounds at command, but this did not discourage him, for other men added their small stores, and clubbed to make up a working-party. The surface of the shoal was covered with water about five-sixths of every day on an average; the water on it was nearly twenty feet deep at high-water spring-tides; the prevailing winds raised a very great surf even in summer; while in winter the sea broke over it in fury. Here was a state of things for sinking a mine! The work could only be prosecuted during the short period of each summer's day when the shoal appeared above water; the water had to be baled or pumped out of the excavation, after each return of high tide; and the men had to

go to and from the shore in boats. It is no wonder, therefore, that three summers were consumed in sinking the mere pump-shaft; for winter-work was out of the question altogether. When the use of machinery became practicable, a frame of boards was applied to the mouth of the shaft, connected to the rocky base of the shoal with pitch and oakum, and carried up beyond the level of high tide. The frame formed a kind of boarded turret, twenty feet high by about two feet square in horizontal section; it was made water-tight with pitch and oakum, and was strengthened with iron bars ranged diagonally. A platform was lashed round the top of the turret, supported by wooden poles and iron rods; and a windlass was placed upon it, to be worked by four men. The theory of Curtis and his brother-miners was, that by means of this platform and turret they might work at all hours in summer and in winter, untroubled by the recurring periods of high-water. But puzzling embarrassments beset them. The seawater penetrated through the fissures of the shoal, because the lateral galleries were driven too near the surface; it was difficult to raise the ore to the surface, and also difficult to convey it over the surf from the shoal to the beach; and with all their exertions, they found it impossible to keep their structure sufficiently water-tight to permit of working in winter. Nevertheless, the ore was so rich in metal, that it began to repay them for all their labour, anxiety, and ingenuity. Year after year did these resolute men persevere, until in 1791 there was a shaft twenty-six feet deep in the shoal; the horizontal workings or galleries were eighteen feet in width; and there were generally thirty sacks of extremely rich tin-ore raised at every tide. We have said that the shoal was about a mile from Penzance, but the distance was not much more than a furlong from the nearest part of the beach; and this approximation led by degrees to engineering operations of a somewhat extensive character. A steam-engine was erected on the shore, and connected with the shoal by a wooden bridge; this served as a support for the working-rods which conveyed steam-power (so to speak) to the mine; and it also served as a roadway for conveying the produce to the shore.

But, alas! one little misadventure put an end to all this ingenious arrangement. When the mine had been in work several years, and had yielded seventy thousand pounds' worth of ore from the veins beneath the shoal and the bed of the sea, an American vessel, on a certain dark night, broke from its moorings in a small bay or anchorage near Penzance, struck against the stage constructed on the shoal, demolished the machinery, and filled the mine with water. It may have been that the veins were too far exhausted to render profitable a renewal of operations at that spot; but be this as it may, the works were not renewed, and the Wherry Mine became but matter of history. Many mining surveyors, however, are of opinion, that operations of a somewhat analogous character will sooner or later be resorted to. Mr Hawkins has remarked: 'On a review of the improvements which have taken place in our mining machinery, I am inclined to think that the spirit of mining enterprise, to which they have imparted so much animation, will soon assume a character of still greater audacity. Perhaps, when the veins are exhausted which lie within the boundary of our sea-girt peninsula (Cornwall), we shall turn our attention to those which extend in the same direction beneath the bed of the ocean; nor, when we consider the increasing depth of our mines, can that period be very distant. Our submarine works will then form a new epoch in the history of mining, and by calling forth still greater exertions of skill and industry, demonstrate in a more striking manner the powers of the human intellect.'

We now come to our majestic lawsuit. If a tin or copper mine be under dry land, there is sure

to be an owner somewhere or other; but if it be under a river, a harbour, or the open sea, the same certainty does not appear, because a freeholder is not necessarily lord of the soil beneath the water. The sovereign, as has been shewn in the article cited in a former paragraph, has successfully proved that he or she is owner of that which has no other owner in particular. But now arises a difficulty. The Prince of Wales is a sort of small king of Cornwall, and has small king-like privileges therein. Is he, on that account, to be king of the mines, or to allow his royal mother to be queen of the mines? Does the greater sovereignty swallow up the less? Must the Duke of Cornwall herein yield to the Queen of England? It is by no means certain that these royal personages know much about the matter. The one has a Board of Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues; the other has a chancery, and a staff of officers and clerks; and each of these bodies has a leaning towards their own employer in this matter.

Some time ago, the functionaries on both sides had a very grave and lengthened correspondence on matters of Cornish revenue. Both sides were aware that some of the mines traverse beneath the strip of muddy ground between high and low water mark; that others go right under the beds of rivers; and that a few go under the bed of the sea itself. Now, every mine pays a rent to the lord or landowner, usually in the form of a royalty or percentage on the value of the ore raised; and it becomes worth the while of any person, legally entitled to do so, to pocket the royalty accruing from mines situated as above described. The Queen, or her representatives, said: 'I will have it.' 'No,' said the Prince of Wales, or his representatives; 'I must have it.' 'I am sovereign,' said the one. 'Yes, but I am Duke of Cornwall,' said the other; and so, as they could not agree, they wisely referred the matter to a learned arbitrator, whose judgment was to be final. The Lord Chancellor, on the part of the Queen, and the Chancellor of the duchy on the part of her son, agreed to apply to Sir John Pattison, as a judge more than usually conversant with these matters. He was to make an award, as a basis for an act of parliament decisive of the whole matter. The points submitted were—Whether the Queen or the Prince possessed the right to mines under the sea, within the ducal limits of Cornwall; and whether this right applied to minerals between high and low water mark, as well as to minerals below low-water mark, but won by the extension of workings commenced above that mark. Sir John was to have before him all the statutes, charters, decisions, resolutions, and evidence written and oral, that could throw any light on the subject; and if he found that an absolute decision could not be given for either side, he was invited to propose a compromise. After sixteen months of consideration, fed by all sorts of legal lore, the learned judge sent in his award. He decided that the Queen has the right to all the minerals beneath the low-water level—that is, beneath the bed over which the water at all times flows; while to the Prince of Wales was given all the minerals beneath the foreshore, the debatable-land between high and low water. But as mining in the sea is by no means a normal state of things, how is the Queen to obtain access to her underground minerals? Where, and under what circumstances, may she sink a shaft, and run workings out to the stores of tin and copper? Sir John Pattison provided for this. He decided that the Queen may use all the shafts and workings at present in existence, or that may hereafter exist, on the dry land, suitable for this purpose; and may make any new ones that might be necessary, paying to the Prince, as a sort of ground-rent, one-tenth part of the net proceeds derived from all such workings; and engaging to keep all the shafts and workings in good order.

The two chancellors laid their heads together for eight months, and pondered over Sir John's award. Their two solicitors found out difficulties, and required a solution of them. Some of the submarine mines are entered by shafts sunk, not in the foreshore belonging to the Prince, but in dry land belonging to private individuals; and it was necessary to decide to whom the one-tenth was to be paid in such cases. In one of these strangely situated mines, the *adventurers*—as the speculators in mineral land are called—pay one twenty-fourth part of the net produce of tin, and one-eighteenth part of that of copper, to the landowner in whose estate the shafts and workings are carried on; and it became desirable to settle the relations between him, the Queen, and the Prince, in respect to dues for submarine and sub-foreshore privileges. Another point was this: the adjudicator spoke of high-water mark and low-water mark, but he did not say whether he alluded to the sea only, or to estuaries and rivers as well; whereupon the Prince demanded that the minerals below the rivers and estuaries ought to be regarded as *his*, unless the adjudicator decided otherwise. This was just one of those ticklish matters which two angry persons would go to law about for years, but fortunately the advisers of the two august personages thought it better to remit the questions anew to the learned individual who had already devoted so much attention to the matter. Sir John settled the questions speedily. If any of the workings belonging to submarine mines are in land belonging to private individuals, and not to the Duchy of Cornwall, then the Prince is *not* to receive the one-tenth above named, but the crown is to make private arrangements with the landowners. On the other hand, the Prince gained a little from the Queen; for it was announced that the minerals beneath rivers and estuaries in Cornwall belong to him—the former decision referring only to those beneath the actual sea itself.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE NARROW IN DEBATE.

OUR patience was not put to a severe test. O'Tigg was not the man to keep his tongue in tranquillity for any extended time; neither was Sure-shot an admirer of the silent system. Both were talkers.

On this occasion, the 'infantry' was the first to make himself heard.

'Be japers! comrayde, I'm afther thinkin' fwhat purty fools us hiv bin, to tak it afut this way, loike two thramps, whin wez moight ivery bit as wil hav been stroidin' a pair ov good pownies. We cowl'd a fitch a pair from the Fort wid all the aize in the wurit.'

'Yees, Petrick, certing ye ain't fer 'stray 'bout thet pertickler; we've been rather ungmptions.'

'Besoides, wez moight as wil hav been hung for a shape as a lamb. We'll be flogg'd all as wan, iv the ischort foinds us, fur taykin' the guns, an' the knapsacks, an' the whaleborra—bad luck to the borra!'

'No, Petrick, don't cuss the berra—it hes served us for certing. We kedn't a got along 'thout the machine—how ked we? We ked niver hev toted our doins as we've did; an' but for the piece o' bacon an' thet eer bag o' meal, we'd a sterved afore this, I recking. Don't cuss the berra.'

'Och! it's made my showlders ache, as if some schoundrel had been batin' them wid a sprig ov shillaylah!'

'Ne'er a mind 'bout thet! yer shoulders 'll be all right arter ye've got a wink o' sleep. Spank my skin! ef thet ere wan't a cute dodge—it's throwd the Indyens off o' the scent for certing; or we'd a heerd some'ut o' them verming afore this.'

'Faith, I think we've veksaided in bamboozing them, shure enough.'

The meat by this time shewed sufficiently done;

and the two men applied themselves to eating, with an earnestness that allowed no time for talking.

The conversation had revealed enough of their past actions, and future designs, to confirm the conjectures I had already formed about them.

As stated, they had both belonged to the 'rangers' of immortal memory.

After the disbandment of the corps, they had entered upon a fresh lease of soldier-life, by enlisting into the regular army. O'Tigg had given preference to the sky-blue of the 'line'; while the Yankee had taken to the mounted rifles—as a capital marksman, like him, would naturally do. Indeed, it would have been impossible to have 'licked' the latter into anything like soldierly shape; and all the drill-sergeants in creation could not have made him stand with 'toes turned in,' or 'eyes right.' To have 'dressed' the old ranger in line would have been a physical impossibility.

In the mounted rifles, personal appearance is of less importance; and considering the little inclination there is to enlist in the American army—especially in times of peace—the oddest-looking article is thankfully accepted. In the dearth of recruits, Sure-shot would have no difficulty in passing inspection.

Both the infantry and rifleman had evidently become tired of their respective services. The routine of a frontier post is of itself sufficient to produce the deadliest ennui; and the Californian attraction had 'capped the climax.' The temptation was too strong for either Yankee or Hibernian nature to resist; and these worthy types of both had taken French-leave of the fort. It was thus that I epitomised the recent history of my old *camarados*.

As they were evidently aware of the caravan being in the advance, and had been following it, it was easily conjectured that Fort Smith—a military post on the Arkansas opposite Van Buren—had been the scene of their defection.

Very likely, they had kept near the train all along the route—with a view to guidance and partial protection—as also for a *dernier resort* to which they might betake themselves, in case of their stores giving out. The escort, hinted at, would be sufficient to account for their not being in closer communication with the caravan.

It appeared, they had been so far fortunate in escaping an encounter with Indians; but this, as in our case, was chiefly due to the passage of the caravan. We knew that the red-skinned robbers would be too much occupied with the train itself and its more immediate stragglers, to be looking out for any so far in the rear as we; and to this, no doubt, were we indebted for the uninterrupted travel we had achieved. A greater proximity to the train would have rendered our passage more perilous.

Sure-shot, though a slouch in his dress, was no simpleton. The trick of taking up the barrow was a conception of his brain, as well as its being borne upon the shoulders of the Irishman—who, in all likelihood, had performed the rôle of wheeling it from Fort Smith to the Big Timbers, and was expected to push it before him to the edge of the Pacific Ocean!

It was evident that Patrick was tired of his task: for they had not made much progress in their Homeric supper, before he once more returned to the subject.

'But shure now, comrade! we mought manage widout the borra—seein' as we've got into the buffalos' country. Aren't them bastes as aisy to kill as tame oows? Shure we'd niver be widout mate as long as our powder lasts?'

'Jess t' other way, ye fool! We're a going out o' the buffuler country, an' into perts where theer ain't a anymal bigger than a ret; on t' other side o' the mountings, theer ain't no beests o' any kind—neery one; an' its jess theer we'll want that eer bag o' meel: ef we don't take it along, we'll sterve for certing.'

'Be me sowl! I'd ruther carry the male on my showlders. There's liss ov it now; an' maybe I could manage it, iv yould only carry the spids, an' thim other things. We mought lave the knapsacks an' kyarthridge-box behind. What use ud they be in Kalifornya? They'll only lade to our detiction by the throops out there.'

'Don't ee be skeert 'bout thet, kimrade! Ef theer's troops in Califerney, they'll hev theer hands full 'thout troublin' us, I recking. We ain't like to be the only two critters as hain't got a pass for the diggins. Ne'er a bit o't. We'll find deserters out theer as thick as flies on a dunghap. Certingly we shell. Besides, Petrick, we needn't take the knepsacks all the way out theer, nor the berra neyther, nor nutthin' else we've brought from the Fort.'

'F'what div yez mane?' interrogated the Irishman—evidently puzzled to interpret the other's speech.

'We kin leave all them fixins in Morning City.'

'But will the thrair be afther thravellin' that way? Shure ye don't know that.'

'Certing it will. A putty consid'able pert o' it air made up o' Mornings; an' they'll be boun' to the Salt Lake. We kin foller them, an' drop t' other. In the Morning settlements, we kin swop our unyforms for suthin' else, an' the berra too. Ea to the knepsacks an' catridge-box, I guess es how I inteend to make a spec on them ere two articles.'

'F'what! a pair ov sodger knapsacks an' an owld kyarthridge-box! They wuldn't fitch the worth ov dhrinks apiece.'

'Theer your mistaking, Mister Tigg. Preeheps they'll swop better'n you think. How d'ye know I ain't like to git a beest apiece for 'em—eyther a mule or a hoss? This child ain't a going to fat it all the way to Califerney. B'yont the Morning City, he rides a spell, I recking.'

'Be japers! that's an out-an'-out good idea. But how dev ye mane to carry it through? that's what bothers Patrick O'Tigg.'

'We—oll, Petrick, I'll tell ee my plan. I hain't got it straightened out yet, but I hope to hev it all right by the time we're on t' other side the mountings—leastwise beefore we reaches Morning City.'

'Arrah! f'what is it?' inquired the impatient Irishman.

The Yankee did not vouchsafe an immediate answer; but, while polishing off the bone he held in his hand, appeared at the same time to be busy with some mental operation—perhaps straightening out the plan he had promised to reveal.

CHAPTER XLVL

A TOUGH STORY.

For some seconds, the two worthies observed a mutual silence, broken only by a formidable rattle of teeth, as large 'chunks' of buffalo-meat were put through their respective masticating machines.

Curious to hear the promised revelation, Wingrove and I checked our impatience, and remained in our covert among the bushes.

One thing—to which their speech had incidentally adverted—was not without much significance; and had produced upon me a certain impression that was unpleasant. They appeared to know, or Sure-shot did, that at least a portion of the train was *en route* for the Mormon city. It is true, I had already some suspicion of this; but the letter of Lillian had led me to hope it might be otherwise. Any destination but that!

I had commenced reflecting upon this point, when I was interrupted by the voice of Sure-shot resuming the conversation.

Thus did he enter on his explanation:

'Ye see, kimrade, these Mornings, es I've heern, air mighty taken up wi sogerin', an' thet sort o' thing. Ye've heerd talk o' theer great bettelion. They'll

be arter these eer treppings for certing, since they hain't much chence o' gittin' soger-fixings out their. We—ell, what I mean to do is to put the knepsacks off on 'em for some new improvement o' pattern. I guess it air thet—I've heerd say so at the Fort—then the Morning jeneral, who air the prophet hisself, an' who's got berrils o' dollars—he'll buy the knepsacks at any price. Now, de ye take, Mister Tigg?

'Troth do I. But dev ye think yez can fool thim so aizey?

'Easy as eatin' pumkin-pie. Jehosophet! I hain't been five year in the tradin' line 'thout lernin' the bizness, I recking.'

'Be me faith! yez must hiv been raal cliver at it, whin ye sould them cypress-knees for bacon-hams to the Bawltimoreans. You remember that story yez towid us down in Mexico?'

'Yees; certingly I remember it—he, he, he! But I kim a better trick then thet on the Orleans people 'bout five year ago—jest 'fore I jined the rangers.'

'F'what was it, shure?'

'We—ell, ye see, I wan't allers es poor es I'm now. I hed a pertnership in a bit o' a schooner es used to trade 'tween Bosting an' Orleans, an' we used to load her wi' all sorts o' notions, to sell to the Orleans folk. Jehosophet an' pork-pies! them air fools, an' no mistake—them Creole French. We ked a sold 'em wooden nutmegs, an' brick-dust for Keyenne pepper, an' sech like; an' I 'bout guess es how we did spekoolate a leetle in thet line o' bizness. Wall, theer kim a time when they tuk a notion they ked make cheep brogans, as they call 'em, out o' allygator's leather, an' supply the hul nigger market wi' 'em. The neels were dear, an' so they tuk to usin' boot-pegs; but not hevin' a manafactory o' the pegs down south, they hed to git 'em from the no'th. Jest then, my pertner an' I thought o' makin' a spekoolahshun on the pegs; so we loaded our schooner wi' thet ere freight, chuck right up to the hetches; an' then sot off from Bosting for Orleans. We thort we'd make our derned fortune out o' thet eer trip.'

'Shure yez did, didn't ye?'

'No—o—o; neer a bit o' t. It keemd nigh breakin' us.'

'Arrah, how?'

'We—ell! ye see, when we got roun' to Orleans, we larned thet the boot-trade hed a'most stopped. The allygator leather didn't turn out jest the thing for brogans; an' besides, it got sca'ce by reezun o' the killin' o' them verming. In coorse, the pegs hed fell in price; they'd kim down so low, thet we ked only git twenty-five cents a bushel for 'em!'

'Mother ov Moses! only twinty-five cints a bushel!'

'Thet was all they'd fetch—offer 'em when an' wheer we would. In coorse, we wan't fools enough to take thet—the dernationed pegs hed cost us more in Bosting!'

'Divil a doubt ov it? But f'what did yez do wid 'em, anyhow?'

'We—ell, Mister Tigg, we weer cleen beet at fust; an' didn't know whet to do—neither me'r my pertner. But arter takin' a good think over it, I seed a way o' gitting out o' the scrape—leastwise 'thout sech a loss as sellin' the pegs at twenty-five cents the bushel. I seed a chence o' gitting rid o' them at fifty cents.'

'Arrah, now! in f'what way, comrayde?'

'You've seed boot-pegs, I recking, Mister Tigg?'

'An' shure I hiv. Aren't they the same that's in these sutlers' brogues we've got on—bad luck to them?'

'Jest the same—only whittier when they air new.'

'Be japers! I think I remimber seein' a barrel full ov thim in New York.'

'Very certing it were them—they air usocally packed in berrils. Can you think o' anything they looked like?'

'Wil, in troth, they looked more loike oats than

anything I can recollict. Shure they did look mighty loike oats!'

'An' don't ee kalkerlate they'd a looked more like oats, ef they'd been pointed at both ends insted o' one?'

'In troth, would they—all that same.'

'We—ell, thet's the very idee thet kim inter my mind at the time.'

'Arrah now, is it? An' f'what did yez do wid the pegs then?'

'Jest sharpened the other ends o' 'em, an' sold 'em for oats.'

The puzzled, half-incredulous stare, on the countenance of the Hibernian, was ludicrous in the extreme. The allegation of the Yankee had deprived him of speech; and for some moments he sat gazing at the latter, evidently in doubt whether to give credence to the story, or reject it as a little bit of a 'sell' upon the part of his comrade—with whose eccentricity of character he was well acquainted.

Equally ludicrous was the look of gravity on the countenance of the other—which he continued to preserve under the continued gaze of his comrade, with all the solemnity of a judge upon the bench.

It was as much as my companion and I could do to restrain our laughter; but we were desirous of witnessing the finale of the affair, and, by an effort, succeeded in holding in.

'Och, now, Misther Shure-shat!' gasped the Irishman at length, 'an' it's only jokin' ye arr?'

'Truth I tell ye, Petrick—every word o' t. Ye see the oats weer jest then sellin' at fifty cents the bushel, an' thet paid us. We made a leetle suthin', too, by the spekoolahshun.'

'But how did yez get the other inds pointed at all—at all?'

'Oh! thet weer eazy enough. I invented a machine for thet, an' run 'em through in less'n no time. When they kim out at t' other eend o' the machine, I kednt meself a told 'em from oats.'

'Och! now I comprehend. Arrah! an' wasn't it a quare thrick? Be my sowl, it bates Bannagher all to paces! Ha, ha, haw!'

Wingrove and I could hold in no longer, but joining in the loud cackinnation—as if we had been its echoes—sprang forward to the front.

Infantry and rifleman bounded to their feet, with a simultaneous shout of 'Indians!' and dropping their spits and half-eaten *appolas* of meat, dashed into the bushes like a pair of frightened rabbits!

In an instant, both were out of sight; and their whereabouts was alone indicated by the rattling of the branches.

I was apprehensive of losing them altogether; and regretted not having used more caution in approaching them. At that crisis, an idea came to my aid; and giving out an old signal, well remembered by the *ci-devant* rangers, I had the gratification of receiving a double response.

The utterance of the signal had brought them to an instantaneous halt; and I could hear them exchanging surmises and exclamations of astonishment, as they retraced their steps towards the fire.

Presently, a pair of short, snub-nosed faces were seen peering through the leaves; while from the lips of their owners burst simultaneously 'The cyaptin!' 'The capting!' with various other phrases in their respective *patois*, expressive of surprise and recognition.

A few words sufficed to explain all. As we had surmised, the men were deserters. Neither attempted to deny what, in time of peace, is not considered a very heinous crime; and for which, just then, the 'Californian fever' was considered an ample justification.

It was no affair of ours. I was only too rejoiced to join company with the runaways, of whose loyalty to myself I had proofs of old. Their guns—more

especially the rifle of Sure-shot—would be a valuable addition to our strength; and, instead of crawling along under the cover of night, we could now advance with more freedom and rapidity.

It was determined, therefore, to share our means of transport with our new comrades—an offer by them eagerly and readily accepted.

The partial consumption of our stores had lightened the packs upon our mules; and the contents of the wheel-barrow, equally divided between them, would give to each only its ordinary load.

The barrow itself was abandoned—left among the Big Timbers—to puzzle at a future period some red-skinned archaeologist—Cheyenne or Arapaho!

CHAPTER XLVII. THE MOUNTAIN PARKS.

We now proceeded along the route with more confidence; though still acknowledging the necessity of caution, and always reconnoitring the ground in advance. Although the four of us might have defended ourselves against four times our number of Indian enemies, we were passing through a part of the country, where, if Indians were to be met at all, it would be in large bands or 'war-parties.'

The Arkansas heads in that peculiar section of the Rocky Mountain chain known as the 'Parks'—a region of country celebrated from the earliest times of fur-trading and trapping—the arena of a greater number of adventures—of personal encounters and hair-breadth escapes—than perhaps any other spot of equal extent upon the surface of the globe. Here the great Cordillera spreads out into numerous distinct branches or 'Sierras,' over which tower those noted landmarks of the prairie traveller, 'Pike's' and 'Long's' Peaks, and the 'Wa-to-ya' or 'Cumbres Españolas'—projected far above their fellows, and rising thousands of feet into the region of eternal snow.

Between their bases—embosomed amid the most rugged surrounding of bare rocky cliffs, or dark forest-clad declivities—lie *valleys*, smiling in the soft verdure of perpetual spring—watered by crystal streams—sheltered from storms, and sequestered from all the world. The most noted of these are the Old and New 'Parks,' and the 'Bayou Salade'—because these are the largest; but there are hundreds of smaller ones, not nameless, but known only to those adventurous men—the trappers—who for half a century have dwelt in this paradise of their perilous profession: for here is the habitat of the masonic beaver—its favourite building ground.

Over these valley-plains roam 'gangs' of the gigantic buffalo; while in the openings between their copes may be descried the elk, antelope, and black-tailed deer, browsing in countless herds. On the cliffs that overhang them, the noble form of the *Carnero Cimmaron* (*Ovis montana*)—or 'Bighorn' of the hunters—may be seen, in bold outline against the sky; and crawling through the rocky ravines is encountered the grizzly bear—the most fierce and formidable of American *carnivora*. The red cougar and brown wolverine crouch along the edges of the thicket, to contest with jackal and wolf the possession of the carcass, where some stray quadruped has fallen a victim to the hungry troop; and black vultures wheeling aloft, await the issue of the conflict.

Birds of fairer fame add animation to the scene. The magnificent *meleagris*, shining in metallic lustre, with spread wings and tail, offers a tempting aim to the hunter's rifle—as it promises to afford him a rich repast; and the *coc de prairie*, and its gigantic congener the 'sage grouse,' whirr up at intervals along the path.

The waters have their denizens, in the gray Canada and white-fronted geese—ducks of numerous species—the stupid pelican and shy loon—gulls, cormorants, and the noble swan; while the groves of *alamo* ring

with the music of numerous bright-winged songsters, scarcely known to the ornithologist.

But no land of peace is this fair region of the Rocky Mountains. There are parks, but no palaces—there are fertile fields, but none to till them—for it is even dangerous to traverse them in the open light of day. The trapper skulks silently along the creek—scarcely trusting himself to whisper to his companion—and watching warily as he renews the bait of *castoreum*. The hunter glides with stealthy tread from copse to copse—dreading the echo of his own rifle. Even the red-skinned rover goes not here alone, but only with a large band of his kindred—a 'hunting' or 'war party.'

The ground is neutral, as it is hostile—claimed by many tribes, and owned by none. All enter it to hunt or make war, but none to settle or colonise. From every quarter of the compass come the warrior and hunter; and of almost as many tribes as there are points upon the card. From the north, the Crow and Sioux; from the south, the Kiowa, the Comanche, the Jicarilla-Apache, and even at times the tame Taosa. From the east penetrate the Cheyenne, the Pawnee, and Arapaho; while through the western gates of this hunters' paradise, pour the warlike bands of the Utah and Shoshonee. All these tribes are in mutual enmity or amity amongst themselves, of greater or less strength; but between some of them exists a hostility of the deadliest character. Such are the vendettas between Crow and Shoshonee, Pawnee and Comanche, Utah and Arapaho.

Some of the tribes have the repute of being friendly to the whites. Among these may be mentioned the Utahs and Crows; while the more dreaded names are Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Arapaho: the last in hostility to the whites equalling the noted Blackfeet of the north. In all cases, however, the amity of the prairie Indian is a friendship upon which slight faith can be placed; and the trapper—even in Crow or Utah land—is accustomed 'to sleep with one eye open.'

In past times, the Utahs have been more partial to the pale-faces than most other tribes of Central Indians; and in their territory many of the celebrated trapper-stations, or 'rendezvous,' are situated. At times, mutual provocations have led to dire encounters; and then are the Utahs to be dreaded—more, perhaps, than any Indians. In their association with their trapper allies, they have learned how to handle—and with skill—that most formidable of weapons, for partisan warfare—the hunter's rifle.

At the time of which I write, the Utahs were reported to be on good terms with the whites. The Mormons had done everything to conciliate them; and it was said that a single white man might traverse their territory with perfect safety.

It was chiefly in the passes, that led to the Utahs' country, that danger from Indians was to be apprehended—in the valleys and ravines above mentioned—where Cheyennes, Comanches, Pawnees, and Arapahoes were more likely to be met with than the Utahs themselves.

We were not yet certain by which pass the caravan might cross the mountains. From beyond the Big Timbers, three routes were open to it. First was the southern route through the Raton mountains, which leads to Santa Fe, in New Mexico, and is known as the 'Santa Fe trail.' I did not anticipate their taking this one. It was not their design, on leaving Fort Smith, to pass by Santa Fe—else would they have kept up the Canadian, by the head of the Llano Estacado; and thence to California by the Gila.

Another route parts from the Arkansas still higher up—by one of its affluents, the *Fontaine que bouit*. This is the 'Cherokee trail,' which, after running north along the eastern slope of the great Cordillera, crosses it by the Cheyenne Pass, and on through Bridger's Pass into the central valley of the Great Basin.

Neither did I believe that the train would travel

by this trail. The season of the year was against the supposition. In all probability, the central route of the three would be the one followed—leading from the Arkansas up the Huerfano river, and through 'Robideau's Pass,' or that of the 'Sangre de Cristo'—either of which conducts into the valley of the Rio del Norte; thence by the famed 'Cochetopa,' or 'gate of the buffaloes,' on the head waters of the Western Colorado.

This pass, though long known to the trappers and *Choleros* of New Mexico, had only just come into notice as a road to the Pacific; but, being one of the most central and direct, it had already been tried both by Californian and Mormon emigrants, and found practicable for wagons. The caravan had left Van Buren with the design of taking this road; but I knew that the design might be altered by contingencies—hence our uncertainty.

The Rocky Mountains could be crossed, by following up the Arkansas to its remotest sources on the southern side of the Bayou Salade; but the stupendous gorges through which that river runs leave no pass practicable for wheeled vehicles. Only by mounted men, or pack-mules, can the great Cordillera be crossed at that point; and of course it did not occur to us that the caravan we were following would attempt it. Only at three points need we expect to find its trace parting from the Arkansas—near Bent's Old Fort, for the southern route; at the *Fontaine que bouit*, for the northern; and for the central, it should diverge up the valley of the Huerfano.

In any case, our risk would be unquestionably great. We should have to travel through districts of country, where white man and red man meet only as foes—where to kill each other at sight is the instinct and practice of both; and where, though it may sound strange to civilised ears, to *scalp*, after killing each other, is equally a *mutual* custom!

Such was the character of the region through which we should have to travel. No wonder we were anxious to come up with the caravan, before it should have passed through the dangerous gorges of the mountains. Independent of other motives, our personal safety prompted us to hasten on.

At first, our new comrades were not exactly agreeable to the design of overtaking the train. They had the *escort* in their thoughts, and along with it, the dread of the nine-tailed cat; but a little instruction as to the far greater danger they were in from Indians—of which up to that hour they had been in happy ignorance—reconciled them to our purpose; and thenceforward they picked up their feet with a pleasing rapidity. Both preferred risking the skin of their backs to losing that of their heads. Of the former they had now less fear: as I had promised to *disguise* them, before bringing them face to face with the *escort*.

Notwithstanding our increased strength, we travelled with as much caution as ever: for the danger had augmented in proportion. We made most way under the friendly shadow of night—sometimes by the light of the moon—and only by day, when we could discover no Indian sign in the neighbourhood.

Two only could ride at a time—the other two taking it afoot; but in this way a journey can be made almost as well, as when each has a horse to himself. Our pack-animals gave us little trouble: the travel had long since trained them to follow in file, and without requiring to be led.

We refrained from making fires, where the ground was unfavourable. Only when we could choose our camp in the midst of some timbered thicket, or down the secluded depth of a rocky ravine, did we risk kindling fires; and these we extinguished as soon as they had served the purposes of our simple *cuisine*.

These precautions, drawn from experience, were absolutely necessary in a passage across the prairies—at least by a party so small as ours. Perhaps had we

continued them, we might have escaped a misfortune that soon after befell us; and the tale of which is now to be told.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ABANDONED BOUQUET.

Having passed Bent's Fort—of wide celebrity in trapper lore—whilom the scene of many a wild revel of the 'mountain men,' but now abandoned and in ruins—we arrived at the mouth of the Huerfano.

As we expected, the trace turned up the valley of this latter stream—thus deciding the route taken by the caravan.

We rode on through a forest of grand cotton-woods and willows; and at about seven miles distant from the mouth of the Huerfano river, reached a point, where the caravan had crossed over to its left bank.

On the other side, we could see the ground of their encampment of the night before. We could tell this by the fresh traces of animals and wagons—debris of the morning's repast—and half-burnt fagots of the fires that had cooked it, still sending up their tiny strings of smoke.

The stream at this point was fordable; and crossing over, we stood upon the deserted camp-ground.

With singular emotions, I walked amid the smouldering fires—forming conjectures as to which of them might have been graced by that fair presence. Where had she passed the night, and what had occupied her thoughts? Were those gentle words still lingering in her memory? Were they upon her lips? It was pleasant for me to repeat them. I did not need to draw the writing forth. Long since were the lines fixed in my remembrance—oft through my heart had vibrated the burden of that sweet song:

I think of thee—I think of thee!

My reflections were not altogether unmingled with pain. Love cannot live without doubts and fears. Jealousy is its infallible concomitant—ever present as the thorn with the rose.

How could I hope that one hour of my presence had been sufficient, to inspire in that young bosom the passion of a life? It could scarcely be other than a slight impression—a passing admiration of some speech, word, or gesture—too transient to be true? Perhaps I was already forgotten? or only remembered with a smile, instead of a sigh?

Though still but a short month since our parting, many scenes had since transpired—many events had occurred in the life of that young creature to give her age and experience. Forms of equal—perhaps superior elegance—had been before her eye. Why might not one of these have made its image upon her heart?

The caravan was not a mere conglomeration of coarse rude adventurers. There were men of all classes composing it—not a few of accomplished education—not a few who, using a hackneyed phrase, were 'men of the world'—familiar with its ways and its wiles—and who perfectly understood all those intricate attentions and delicate lures by which the virgin heart is approached and captured.

There were military men too—those ever to be dreaded rivals in love—young officers of the escort, laced, booted, and spurred—bedecked, moreover, with that mysterious influence which authority ever imparts to its possessors.

Could these be blind to the charms of such a travelling companion? Impossible. Or could she—her young bosom just expanding to receive the god of love—fail to acknowledge the nearest form as his image? Painfully improbable.

It was therefore with feelings of no very pleasant kind that I sought around for some souvenir.

The remains of a fire a little apart from the rest, near the edge of a grove or bit of copsewood, drew my attention. It looked as if it had been a spot on

which some family group had encamped. I was led to this conjecture, by observing some flowers scattered near the fire—for the grassy sward shewed no other sign. The flowers betokened the presence of womankind. Fair faces—or one at least—had beamed in the light of that fire. I felt certain of it.

I approached the spot. The shrubbery around was interlaced with wild roses; while blue lupins and scarlet pelargoniums sparkled over the glade, under the sheltering protection of the trees. By the edge of the shrubbery lay a bouquet, that had evidently been put together with some care.

Dismounting, I took it up. My fingers trembled as I examined it: for even in this slight object I read indications of design. The flowers were of the rarest and prettiest—many kinds that grew not near. They had been plucked elsewhere. Some one had given both time and attention to their collection and arrangement. Who?

It would have been idle to shape even a conjecture, but for a circumstance, that appeared to offer a certain clue; and, not without bitter thoughts, did I try to unwind it.

The thread which was wound around the flower-stalks was of yellow silk. The strands were finely twisted; and I easily recognised the bullion from the tassel of a sash. That thread must have come from the sash of a dragoon officer!

Had the bouquet been a gift?—to whom? and by whom?

Here all conjecture should have ended; but not without a feeling of painful suspicion did I examine those trivial signs; and the feeling continued to annoy me, long after I had flung the flowers at my feet.

A reflection came to my relief, which went far towards restoring my spirits' equanimity. If a gift, and to Lilian Holt, she had scarcely honoured it—else how could the flowers have been there? Had they been forgotten, or left unregarded?

There was consolation in either hypothesis; and, in the trust that one or the other was true, I sprang back into my saddle, and with a more hopeful heart, rode away from the spot.

EMIGRANTS AFLOAT.

On the 3d November 1858, in pursuance of instructions received from Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, we attended at the Government Emigration Dépôt of B—, for the purpose of inspecting a number of human beings who were about to be shipped to the colony of South Australia. As the colonists pay the passages of all who are brought out under their auspices, they naturally expect to get their money's worth, and will take none out of the old country above the age of fifty, unless they choose to pay the 'tender-money,' or the amount disbursed by the colonial treasury for each adult head; no individual who has a large family comprised entirely of young children, since, while such stock is growing, they can return no interest in labour on the money expended for them; none whose family is composed of females under age for domestic service, partly from the same cause, and partly owing to the fact, that they would throw out the proportionate ratio between the sexes in the colony; and, of course, none of the maimed or the blind, or any who cannot shew evidence of previous moral character, or of having been engaged in the handicraft or calling they profess. It is in his discrimination respecting the latter proviso that the selecting officers so often have their judgment put to the test, since some 'cute Londoner, having succeeded in getting an embarkation order from the office in Westminster, will suddenly become oblivious as to the little bill standing at his baker's, and unless politely warned to return home, with the threat of another though less pleasant form of passage to Australia, will wipe off many a month's score by a

trip across the seas; or some deceitful Irishman will represent himself as Dennis O'Toole from Limerick, whose papers he has purloined, or else has entered with him into some cunningly devised but mutual arrangement to deceive the government; or two Scotchmen, father and son, finding that the ages and sex of their children do not conform to the stipulated regulations, agree to the transference of a child from the family circle of the former to that of the latter, until they shall have passed the government ordeals. Such were a few of the impositions detected at the Emigration Dépôt of B—, when mustering the complement of people for the *Sunflower*, then lying alongside the wharf, about to become their floating home for three or four months, and to be the scene of the writer's first experience of the service of Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners.

We can well remember with what diffidence we entered upon the civil, sanitary, and medical charge for four months of these 300 undisciplined beings, whose soundness of wind and limb we had to attest to the government; how hopeless we deemed the task of reducing to a system of routine the habits of so many 'navvies' and 'chawbacons,' the medley of whose tongues, and the clatter of whose knives and forks pervaded the huge dining-room; nor was it until we visited the sleeping-apartment—which, like all the others, was scrupulously clean and in good order, a daily duty exacted from every new arrival of emigrants—that we could imagine how so many people were to be berthed in the small compass of a 900-ton ship. Thanks, however, to the wise regulations of Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, which judiciously ordain that the whole system of an emigration dépôt shall, as much as possible, assimilate itself to the habits and mode of discipline carried out at sea, we found, on being installed in our position as surgeon-superintendent, that every one had been located in the berth-place allotted to him—had been supplied with bedding, blankets, culinary utensils, and every necessary; and that having been accustomed to sleep in tiers (one bed above another), and to mess together in groups of two or three families at one table, for some days previously, they were well disposed to conform themselves to their new mode of life, to be submissive to authority, and to accept without much grumbling the further restrictions for their comfort and welfare.

When all are fairly on board, the vessel is hauled out into the stream, so as to preclude much if any intercourse with the shore; and it is during these two or three days prior to sailing, that so many acts of charity and kindness are shewn to the people by the ladies of the British Ladies' Emigrant Society, and by the emigration chaplain, who, in addition to the books, needle-work, &c., furnished by government, always supply them with a stock from their own funds; and we must say that though testy old gentlemen in office disapprove of the visits of the former, we have always found them characterised by the most unofficious liberality towards the objects of their kind solicitude. While these things are being done for the mental and social comfort of the people during their weary passage across the seas, the surgeon-superintendent is usually engaged in selecting from among those committed to his charge such individuals as seem most capable of filling the posts of matron, sub-matrons, schoolmaster, constables, &c.; unless the commissioners shall have been pleased to appoint a matron of their own selection, or have given a free passage to some clergyman, bound to the port for which the vessel is chartered, who, in consideration of such grant, undertakes the part of chaplain and teacher. To all such, the colonial government award gratuities on arrival, provided that these sub-officials shall have performed their duties to the satisfaction of the surgeon. Nor is it only with the teacher, matron, &c., that this

supreme functionary has to deal; he is expected to examine the bake-house and cook-houses, and report to the government, prior to departure, anything he may notice defective, either in the apparatus itself, or in the capabilities of those two very essential individuals—the baker and cook.

Having given directions to the third officer, or emigrants' steward—who, by the way, as well as the master and first officer, also receive gratuities on reaching their destination (if necessary)—to issue some of the various implements put on board for the purpose of keeping the berths and decks clean, such as brooms, hair and birch, shovels, holy-stones, and scrapers, we descend to the emigrants' or 'tween' deck, and reading to them the printed regulations of the Emigration Board, set certain of them to work at once, that they may the more easily, while lying at anchor, become habituated to their future daily routine.

Holy-stones and scrapers, unknown to the domestic servants of a household, are perfectly invaluable on board ship. The former are oblong pieces of soft sandstone, eight inches by four, which, if not set in a handle, require the person using them to go down on his knees, wherefrom originated, no doubt, the well-known saying amongst seamen of 'going to prayers.' Scrapers, again, remind one very much of the small triangular pointed instrument with which the dentist scales the teeth clean: the object of both these implements being so to rub, scratch, and scrape the decks, as effectually to remove the smallest particle of dirt.

At length, the 'cork-boat' (steamer) has arrived with the few still required to make up our number from that inexhaustible mine of the labouring stock—Ireland; that mine, the too frequent application to which is the constant cause of bickering between the legislative assemblies in the colonies and their emigration agents in England. Captain S—, R.N., holds his final muster on the quarter-deck, to see that none of her Majesty's subjects have been filched away illegally; hands Mrs A—— her official letter of appointment as matron; and, in few but impressive words, warns her of the responsible nature of her office as protector of no less than eighty single women. Good-byes are now uttered on all sides; letters of every shape and form, stamped or not, and many with most illegible directions, bearing plaintive yet hopeful adieus, are thrust into the hands of those who are returning to the shore; dozens throng the rigging and the sides of the ship, to catch a final look of the boat-load, who are vociferously returning their cheer; the last turn of the windlass has brought the anchor to the 'cat-head'; and, amidst the rattling of ropes, the creaking of yards, and the shouts of the sailors, we are insensibly gliding down the river under the guidance of the steam-tug *Thunder*. Towards midnight, we sight Point Lynus, in Anglesea; and while straining our eyes to catch a defined outline of the last morsel of our native land which we may ever see, we are cast adrift by the *Thunder*, whose crew give us a final cheer; and as the noise of her paddles dwindles away in the distance, we realise that we are alone upon the deep.

The sea around our coasts, at no time disposed to be very quiet, was on the night of the 8th November particularly boisterous, so that when the morning broke, and eight bells (eight o'clock) rang, but few of the three hundred and fifty souls were to be found on deck. Those few looked exceedingly unhappy, as they sheltered themselves from the pitiless wind and rain under the lee of the galley or cook-house, and apparently regarded with the utmost indifference the preparations for breakfast that were then going forward. On stepping below to the emigrants' deck, what a scene was there! Alas for all the previous lessons of routine, and the regulations of the commissioners; the sea had put them all to flight! One or

two miserable-looking men were all that were astir, who, as they feebly moved from post to post, made most unavailing efforts to stay the rolling to and fro of tin utensils and wooden buckets, clothes and food, holy-stones and scrapers; but all in vain: no sooner did they conceive that they had securely fixed some article, than the next lurch of the ship sent it flying from one side of the ship to the other. Down they slid in the wet produced by the breaking of a sea over the hatchway; and at last convinced of the futility of their endeavour to cope with so turbulent an element, sullenly abandoned themselves to despair. Unlocking the single females' apartment, which in all government emigrant ships is shut off from the rest, not a soul was stirring, but the most doleful groans and lamentations assailed our ears. 'Och, docther, dear, and is it to the bottom we're going, sure, and couldn't they have let us die in our beds in ould Ireland?' 'Och, but your honour might spake to the gentleman above, to take down some of them sticks [masts], and kape her steady!' Soon, however, the wind fell, the sea lulled; a few more heads began to peer above the deck. By the end of the week, nearly all had become habituated to the motion of the ship, and order and discipline resumed their sway.

We have premised that there is a matron, of such staid character and firmness of temper, as to be able, with the assistance of a sub-matron to every forty single women, to curb and regulate their behaviour, and that she with her charge occupy the after or stern end of the 'tween' deck, being shut off by a strong 'bulkhead,' or partition, from the married people, and having usually a separate doorway of their own to the deck, secured by two keys, one in the hands of the surgeon, the other in that of the matron. In the middle compartment of the 'tween' deck are placed the married people, like all the others, in two tiers of beds, in the lower of which are the sleeping-places of the children. In the forepart of the same deck, and shut off in like manner as the single women, are the single men, in regard to whom government have recently adopted the wise plan of substituting swing-cots instead of fixed berths, so hung, that before the tables or forms can be set for breakfast, every cot must be rolled up compactly and secured to its hook.

Day begins early on board a government emigrant ship: at 5 A.M., or earlier on the warm mornings, three times a-week, the matron is called by the emigrant in charge of the morning-watch from 4 to 7 A.M., and rousing the single females, repairs with them to the bath-rooms. At 6, the married women, along with the children, have in their turn the opportunity afforded them of using the baths; while on the alternate mornings, the married and single men occupy the hours of from 4 to 6 A.M. in bathing on deck in large tubs provided for that purpose. Should it, however, be washing-day, of which there are two in the week, all bathing must cease at 5 A.M., and washing being permitted on deck in tubs placed ready by the watch and the constables, must be over by 8 A.M., before breakfast can commence. By 8 A.M., too, it is usually presumed that the third officer has served the greater part of the provisions for the day, calling each mess—for the emigrants are divided into messes, consisting usually of ten or twelve adults—by its number, when he is answered by the captain or chief man of the mess, who receives the amount of rations due, of which he carries a printed list in his hand, while the third officer or his assistant marks off the quantity on a similar list placed before him. At 7½ A.M., prayers are always held by the religious instructor or teacher in the single females' apartment, it being usually well lighted from the stern-windows, and of course free from children, who at that hour are being washed and dressed.

From 8 to 8½ A.M. is the hour for breakfast, but its punctuality is entirely dependent on three government

regulations: 1. That every one shall be washed and dressed; 2. That the decks and bed-places are thoroughly swept; 3. That every bed and its contained bedding shall be neatly rolled up and fastened with straps. On the surgeon assuring himself that such is the case, he passes an order to the cook to issue breakfast. After this meal is ended, the third officer returns to, and finishes his duty of issuing provisions; while the constables pick out, in rotation, the necessary number of men (usually 16) for hollystoning, scraping, and sweeping the decks, as well as the ladders and the hospitals; the single women, under the direction of the matron and the single females' constables, cleaning their own part of the ship. The single females' constables are always either married men or women, being appointed mainly for the purpose of carrying the provisions of this portion of the emigrants to and from the cook-house, so as to deprive them of any excuse for getting to the forepart of the ship, where the single men and sailors are located; they are, moreover, employed to aid the matron in restraining the single women from going beyond the poop-deck, which is usually allotted to them as their place of exercise when in the open air. From 10 to 12 A.M., while cleaning is going on below, the religious instructor or teacher summons his school to the lesson-books, slates, and maps, which have been furnished by government, and which, at the close of the voyage, are given to the deserving. During the same hours, the surgeon, aided by one of the most intelligent of the emigrants, who has been appointed hospital-assistant, and receives a government gratuity accordingly, visits and prescribes for the sick in the hospitals, if any, and attends to all other patients in the dispensary, which is amply provided with every remedial agent. With regard to the hospitals of the ship, there are two—one in the forepart, for the males; the other in the afterpart, for the females; and the experience of many years entitles us to say, that no similar institution on shore, of which ours is only a miniature representative, can boast of more liberal supplies of every medical comfort. One nurse—or more if necessary—is specially appointed to take charge of the sick, and receives a gratuity in proportion. At 12 noon, the hospital-assistant serves out the eggs and milk allowed for the children, and the porter for the nursing-mothers and old people, together with whatever issue of spirits, wines, and beer, or other medical comforts, the surgeon may think necessary for the sick.

At 12½ noon, should it be Sunday or Thursday, all the emigrants are mustered in clean linen and apparel, government conceiving it to be highly judicious that they should adopt the plan in force on board a man-of-war, of putting on clean linen twice a week. At 1 P.M., dinner, which consists, according to the day, of preserved meat, salt beef, or salt pork, with preserved vegetables, potatoes, rice, plum-puddings, and pea-soup, is served; and again, when the meal is over, the tables and forms, which are secured to stanchions, are bolted up out of the way, and the decks swept; the religious instructor or teacher resumes his classes, but this time principally of those who, though at mature years, are ignorant of reading, writing, and arithmetic; the matron and her sub-officials, in like manner, give instruction to such of the young women as are ignorant of sewing, cutting out work, &c., and the produce of their labour during the passage is returned to them at its close. The older men endeavour to improve their time by one of their number reading aloud to the rest one of the books belonging to the library sent on board for their use. From 5 to 6 P.M., tea is served, and the rest of the evening until 10 P.M. spent in every form of harmless recreation. The single women are, however, strictly prevented from joining in the amusements of

the rest of the people, and according to the government regulations, should be in their sleeping apartments at dark; but if the weather is warm, and their general conduct such as to enable the surgeon and matron to place confidence in their behaviour, music, dancing, and singing are carried on among themselves till 9 P.M., or even later. As soon as they have gone below, prayers are again read by the religious instructor. At 10 P.M., all lights are extinguished, save one at each hatchway, which can be renewed, if needed, by the watch, it being a regulation that the night shall be divided into three watches, during each of which periods one or more of the emigrants in rotation shall be on watch on the 'tween' deck, to close the hatches, should it rain, or make communication with the surgeon, should any one be taken ill.

Day after day passes on in this unvarying routine, broken only by the occasional sight of another ship, or the cry of land, Madeira and the Canaries, Trinidad, and Tristan da Cunha, till the goal and promised land of our voyage was beheld, where all left the *Sunflower* in safety and without loss.

A MODERN MARIANA.

A WELL-TRAINED wild vine climbs the cottage-wall,
Losing itself beneath the thick-thatched eaves;
A honey-suckle blends its fretted leaves
With a white jasmine on the porch; while all

In the trim garden to the front betrays
The care of love; no weeds deface the walk,
There is no ill-cut bush or straggling stalk,
No twig in the surrounding hedgerow strays

Far from its parent stem; behind the house
An orchard and rich meadowlands extend,
Girt by gold cornfields; the gnarled fruit-trees bend
Beneath their ripening loads, and lowing cows

With steps of slow content pass in between:
Within, all is as neat, or neater still;
Each implement of household-work doth fill
Its due-appointed station; bright and clean

The plates and dishes shine upon their shelves;
The well-brushed hearth, the sand-bespeckled floor,
The spinning-wheel, the brightly painted door,
The dustless ornaments that warm themselves

On the high mantel-piece, unite to shew
That Industry and Order rule in the place.
She sits at work within the porch; her face
Shines calmly sad in the sun's setting glow.

And as the yellow light begins to fade,
She murmurs low: 'Had he been all he seemed,
Ere he so left me—all I fondly dreamed—
Oh! what a track of joy it would have made

'Of this poor life! But no; I will not dwell
Thus on the past; these are the thoughts that crossed,
Like lightning streaks, the gloom where my soul, lost,
Hopeless, and stunned, in its first anguish fell.

'No, let me rather think how, in His grace,
Our Father led me from that black abyss;
How each day's duties brought some happiness
To my worn heart, and by degrees 'gan chase

'The shadows from it; how my care for those
Who wept and suffered round me brought relief
To my own sorrow, till my deepest grief
Was broken, and my spirit found repose.

'He left me—why, I know not—yet I love,
Oh, how I love him still! O God, Most High,
Have mercy on him, and so purify
Both him and me, that we may meet above!'

F. T. M.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.